Infection

by rpdone

Summary: Sans gets a cut on his hand, and thinks nothing of it. A few
days later, he's plagued with the sickness called the "Black Blood
Infection." It's just as deadly as it sounds. I'm putting this up for
an M rating, just for violence and cussing.

1. My Tears

Toriel could already tell it was bad news. Alphys walked out of the
room, a worried look on her face. It had started out with a fever for
Sans. Just a simple, low temperature of 102 degrees. Papyrus called
Toriel to make sure he was okay, and for the time being, he did seem
fine. But then, the fever spiked incredible high. 150 degrees. They
called Alphys to make sure he was okay, and now they were here,
outside of Sans's room, awaiting the news.

"S-S-Sans has picked up a very rare infection. However, I c-c-can't
find out what caused it. I have reason to believe it's the Black
Blood infection.."

"What's that?" Toriel asked, her worry growing.

"Has Sans gotten any cuts or wounds lately, Papyrus?" Alphys asked,
ignoring Toriel's question.

"Well, we were having a mock battle, and he cut himself on accident.
Just on the hand, a small one," Papyrus said. "He didn't really even
notice, and after two days, he started to look a little under the
weather. I confined him to his bedroom, and he started to look
pained…"

"It's just what I t-thought." Alphys said, shaking her head and
looked at her feet. "Black Blood infection is a very rare infection
that only skeletons can pick up. It's rare, even for them, but it
seems Sans has gotten it."

Toriel suddenly felt her knees feel weak, and they buckled. She felt hot tears prick her eyes, and she let them stream down her furry cheeks.

"T-Toriel!" Alphys said, running over to her. She started rubbing the goat mother's back to calm her.

"Sans will be fine with p-proper care," She whispered. "H-he'll be fine,"

Papyrus watched the scene with scared eyes. If Toriel was breaking down, she must really care about Sans.

"I-I-It's just thatâ€¦" Toriel sobbed. She couldn't finish her sentence.

"Papyrus, if you don't mind, I'm going to bring Toriel to the couch for her to rest for a little." Alphys said. "You can visit Sans, but he's unconscious."

Papyrus nodded as the pair made their way to the bedroom. He knew Sans was going to be okay, but he was still worried. Sans never had much stamina to do anything, so where would he find the energy to fight this?

2. A World of Pain

Papyrus wrapped his hand around the doorknob to Sans's room. He didn't know if he wanted to go in or not. To comfort Sans, he had to risk seeing him suffer. And he was going to take it. He opened the door, and was surprised at how stuffy it was in the room. Sans was on his bed, eyes closed, and breathing deeply. It almost looked as if he was asleep, but he wasn't. Papyrus walked over to his brother, and pulled up a chair. He wrapped his hand around his brother's smaller hand. He could feel the heat radiating off of it in sharp, quick waves.

"Brotherâ€¦ I know you can't hear me." Papyrus began, looking at his brother's peaceful face. "But I know that you'll be fine. You're strong, and you care about all of us, even if you don't show it. If you can't fight this off, what would I do with myself? I would be brother-less. And what fun would that be?"

Papyrus knew he loved puzzles, but what about the one called Life?

3. I Know You're There

Sans couldn't open his eyes. No matter how hard he tried, his eyes just wouldn't open. He could feel his fever raging through his body, and his head throbbing with intense pain. He wanted to sigh, but for some reason, his body just wouldn't allow it. All it would let him do was inhale and exhale. He could feel somebody clutching his hand. He could hear somebody saying something, but it was muffled, like it was far off in the distance. He could hear somebody crying. The sound was sharp and clear, and it echoed around in his skull. He knew somebody was there, but he couldn't reach for them.

I just want all of this to end…. _He thought. All of a sudden, the darkness was swished away. Sans found himself standing in a glass room. However, he couldn't see what was past the glass. Sans could hear somebody crying on the other side of the room. Suddenly, the lights shut off, and the room was plunged in darkness. The crying was still there, but a little softer. Sans started running to the other side of the room. He kept tripping over odd objects on the floor such as a football, a pair of ballet shoes, and a carrot. He finally made it to the other side, panting and covered in aches. He saw Papyrus, sitting in a chair, and crying.

"Pap!" Sans yelled. He ran for him, but a glass wall rose up from the ground, and he slammed into it. The crying was not muffled, and Sans just kept screaming and pounding on the glass.

"Papyrus! It's me! Please, stop crying!" Sans realized his own tears were running down his face.

_What's wrong with me? _

Papyrus suddenly got up and walked over to the wall separating the two brothers.

"Papyrus! You remember me!" Sans yelled, relieved. But Papyrus just shook his head, and raised a fist.

"Pap! Pap, what are you doin'?" Sans screamed. Papyrus punched the glass with all his might, and a shard of glass flew right at Sans. Before it could hit him, he was plunged back into his unconscious state, where all there was to see was black.

    4. My Own Personal River

Toriel couldn't stop crying. Even with Alphys attempting to comfort her, she couldn't stop her tears. There were warm, and flowing fast. Her own personal river. She threw herself onto the couch, where Sans normally napped. She sobbed loudly, not bothering to take in her surroundings.

"I-It's gonna be alright, Toriel." With the goat mother crying, Alphys couldn't help but shed a few tears. She knew what Toriel felt towards Sans. It was love, and when a loved one dies….

No, he wasn't going to die. Alphys wouldn't let him.

"Toriel," Alphys said, trying a different approach. "What would Asogre do if he saw you, crying like this?" Toriel froze.

"I would tell him he's an ass!" Toriel screamed.

"I k-know you're feeling really depressed, but Papyrus is going through t-this, too. He's with Sans right now."

"I just want Sans to b-be okay! I….." Toriel hesitated for a little before saying the last sentence. The tears started to come again. "_I LOVE HIM!"_

Toriel began crying uncontrollably. Alphys laid her down on the couch, and whispered, "Get some r-r-rest, Tori. I'll go check on

Sans." Toriel gulped, and nodded. Using her arm as a pillow, and slowly drifted off to sleep, but her tears never stopped.

_My own personal river. _

5. You're Going to be Okay

Alphys walked into the room only to find Papyrus clutching Sans hand.

"P-P-Papyrus, I hate to say this, but you're g-g-going to have to leave.." Alphys said softly. "I n-need to treat his wound as quickly as possible."

"Yes, of course, Doctorâ€¦" Papyrus said. He got up and Alphys said, "Papyrus.. Stay strong. Not only for you, but for Sans, too." Papyrus nodded and slowly trudged out of the room, trying to hold back all his tears. Alphys walked over to Sans and found his infected hand quite quickly. The slash was rather large for just an everyday cut. It covered his palm, and it was a pinkish-red on the inside. Around it, there was black outlining the wound. Just yet another sign of the Black Blood infection. Alphys looked through her bag and pulled out a small bottle of something. She poured its contents onto Sans's hand. There was a small sizzling noise, and some of the more fiercer red on the wound faded away. Alphys began to wrap his hand up with gauze. She checked his temperature. 148 degrees. His fever had gone down a little, but not much. She placed an ice pack on his head, and walked out. She found Toriel resting on the couch, and Papyrus in his room. The door was locked for once, and she could her his sniffling through the door. Alphys knocked, and there was a sudden scuffling noise. After a little, Papyrus opened the door.

"Oh, it's you. Do you need something?" Papyrus sniffled.

"A-Actually, if _you _need anything, just call me, o-okay? Toriel is sleeping on your couch. S-She's still in shock, so send her home when she wakes up." Papyrus nodded, and closed the door. Alphys sighed and gathered her things. She hoped Sans would be alright. Alphys shook her head.

No, she couldn't think this way! Sans was going to be okay, she was sure of it. She had hundreds of tests, experiments, and treatments gone wrong, but Sans was not going to be one of them.

6. Brother's Bond

Papyrus had cried himself to sleep. At first, his crying had been soft, mainly just sniffles, but soon, the real tears came. He started to sob, and every time he thought of Sans, it brought a fresh wave. He tired himself out, and Papyrus had collapsed on the bed that was messy and unmade, which was unusual for him. Papyrus had always been the neater of the two brothers.

Papyrus woke up at five in the morning, and slowly walked out of the room. He was still in his battle mode armor, but he didn't care. Not when his brother was like this. He opened the door and saw Sans, in the same position he had left him. Papyrus walked over to him, and

bent down. He grabbed Sans's uninfected hand, and just stared at him blankly. What was going on in his brother's mind? Maybe some crazy dream, or maybeâ€¦. Maybe it was just black. Papyrus stared at Sans's wall for a few more minutes, and then got up to go to the door. He heard shuffling right when he grabbed the doorknob, and then a groan. And the voice was too deep for Torielâ€¦

Sans!

Papyrus whipped around to see Sans sitting up in his bed.

"Nnnâ€¦" Sans muttered.

"Oh my gosh, Sans! Sans, you're awake!" Papyrus yelled giddily. He ran over to give Sans a hug.
>"Ugh.. I don't feel too good, Papâ€¦" Sans muttered.<p>

"Ssh.." Papyrus said, tears streaming down his face. But for once, the tears weren't filled with sadness. They were tears of joy. Sans rolled over, and started to cough.

"Brother, are you okay?" Papyrus asked nervously.

Sans kept coughing. Eventually, he starting coughing blood. Papyrus grabbed his phone and started dialing Alphys's number. Toriel ran into the room, woken up by all the noise and commotion.

"Sans! You're okay!" She said happily. Toriel raced over to him and started rubbing his back with her palm.

Alphys finally picked up her phone.

"Papyrus? Is something wrong?" Alphys asked groggily.

"Sans is awake, but he's coughingâ€¦ I don't think something's quite right. Please, come over soon! I'm worried," Papyrus said all this in one breath, and then hung up the phone. Sans had stopped coughing, and was leaning on his pillows, blood streaming down the corner of his mouth.

"Sans, Alphys is coming soon. She'll fix this mess." Papyrus said. Half of it was a lie.

Toriel started crying again, hugging Sans, and getting his blood all over her purple dress.

Papyrus heard a door slam open.

_She's here. _

    7. Bumpy Road

Alphys quickly ran through the house and made it to Sans's room, panting heavily. Toriel and Papyrus both left the room without being asked. They didn't want the bad news, if there was any, right away. They stood outside his room yet again, awaiting Alphys.

Alphys checked all over Sans. He had two cracked ribs from coughing, and the slash was still there, a darker red then last time. The black

had started to spread on his hand.

"Shit!" Alphys said to herself. "H-hey, Sans? Try moving your hands,"

Sans flexed his right, uninfected hand, no problem. His other hand, however, remained still.

"This i-i-isn't good." Alphys said nervously. "If the infection k-keeps spreading, then you won't b-be able to move your entire body!"

Sans groaned.

"I know it's hard f-for you right now, but pleaseâ€¦ trust me. Believe that I can treat you, b-b-because it helps me do better." Alphys stutterd sheepishly.

Sans nodded, not trusting himself to speak, in fear of another coughing fit. Alphys took out a small bottle, and squirted some weird gel on her hands. She rubbed it on the cracks on his bones, and they disappeared quickly. She rubbed it on his cut, and the black inched back by a little.

"I'm w-w-working on the solution in my lab." Alphys said. "Soon, I should be able to throw the black back into the wound."

Sans nodded again.

"I'm going t-t-to tell Papyrus and Toriel the news," Alphys walked out of his room. Sans leaned back on his pillows, rubbing his ribs where they had been fixed. Sans hoped this solution would come soon.

8. Woops XD

p class="MsoNormal"strongspan style="font-size: 14.0pt; line-height: 115%; font-family: 'Georgia','serif';"I'm so sorry I haven't updated! I've been working on other fan fictions, and I just now remembered this one. I'll be posting chapters today, if not, tomorrow. Sorry! /span/strong/p

9. Soon

After a few days, Sans was strong enough to sit up straight without slouching or leaning on his pillows. Alphys came to check on him every day, testing out medicines on his wound. Some of them worked a little, but one made it worse. Luckily, the little, yellow dinosaur prepared antidotes for everything. Visitors came and went, giving Sans flowers and get better presents.

That is, until one day, the wound started to spread its deathly black infection.

It was the middle of the night, when everybody was sleeping. Sans was jerked awake by a stabbing pain. He checked his hand, feeling his heart skip a beat in panic.

The black had spread up his arm. He couldn't move his arm, and the pain began to grow and grow. Sans let out a strangled cry, and Papyrus walked into the room.

Without speaking, Papyrus took out his phone to call Alphys.

Sans started to writhe in pain, the black stretching upwards.

"Pap, I can't feel my armâ€¦." Sans said, panting after the struggle was over.

His brother was doing all he could to not cry.

"Sans, Alphys is coming soon." He said, reassuring Sans that the pain would soon be over.

Alphys didn't come. Papyrus was starting to get worried. Sans had already blacked out from pain a short while earlier, and now Alphys wouldn't come.

He decided to call Undyne.

The phone rang loudly before the Royal Guard captain answered.

"Eh?" She said.

"Undyne! Sans's black has started to grow, and Alphys isn't answering. Can you see if she's alright?" Papyrus said, a note of panic entering his voice.

"Oh my God, really? I'll go check right now!" Undyne screeched into the phone. There was the sound of sheets moving around, and then the phone dropped to the floor. There was a crackle, and then the phone hung up itself. Papyrus looked at his brother.

"Soonâ€¦" He whispered.

End
file.